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BROKERS IN FOOT RACE.

Novel Contest Arranged by London Stock Exchange Members.

One hundred and seven London Stock Exchange brokers, stout and lean, young and old, have entered for a fifty-two mile walking race from London to Brighton May 1, says a London cable dispatch to the Chicago Inter Ocean. They will start from the house of commons at 6:30 a. m. All who reach Brighton by 7:30 p. m. will be entertained at a banquet to cost \$1,500. Silver cups will be given to the first three, gold medals will be awarded for hill climbing, and every one finishing within twenty-four hours will get a silver medal.

The betting is 2 to 1 against any starter doing the distance under nine hours and three-quarters. Many members of the Stock Exchange formerly were athletes, but the only one who was a champion walker is Mr. Nicholson, who is now past his prime. Excursion trains will be run from London to stations along the route to enable the public to see this burlesque race.

Turkeys.

Turkeys are great foragers and will gather nearly their entire food from the fields during the summer, at the same time destroying myriads of grasshoppers, bugs and insects.

NO ACTION IS TAKEN

State Department to Await Further Developments in Manchuria.

RUSSIA QUILTS NEWCHWANG

Her Forces Withdrawn Temporary. Count Cassini Says, "Russia Has Not Violated a Single Pledge Made to Any Nation."

Washington, May 11.—The state department has received from Minister Conger confirmation of the dispatch from Peking that the Russians re-entered Newchwang and then retired. The receipt of this advice late in the day brought relief to a strained situation, and it was decided by the department that there was no longer occasion



COUNT CASSINI.

for action, even diplomatically, at this stage. Count Cassini in the course of his talk with Secretary Hay very earnestly impressed upon the secretary his conviction that the Russian government had lived up to its agreements, and in view of these representations Secretary Hay did not hesitate to disavow the impression that might have existed that there remained any need for diplomatic action relative to Manchuria by the United States, Great Britain and Japan.

The situation consequently lapses back to where it was after the original Russian disclaimer which followed the demands upon China two weeks ago, and for the present the attitude of the United States government will be simply one of observance.

GERMANY UNCONCERNED.

Russia's Attitude in Manchuria Causes No Alarm.

Berlin, May 11.—There has been no change in the German official attitude in the matter of Manchuria since April 25, when it was said that the foreign office here was indifferent to Russia's purposes in Manchuria. No official statement has been issued.

The foreign office expresses no concern over the occupation of Newchwang, and it accepts the Russian explanation that nothing aggressive is contemplated, as previously has been stated.

FOILS FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Roosevelt's Fencing Instructor Buys Handsome Set Abroad.

Professor Generoso Pavese of Baltimore has arranged with President Roosevelt to give him fencing lessons upon his return from the western tour, says the New York Times.

"I find Mr. Roosevelt one of the keenest sportsmen I have ever met," said Pavese the other day. "He has the quick eye and aggressive movement that will make him a good fencer. His physical development will adapt him to the exercise, which he will find strenuous enough to please him. I believe I will find him a pupil as apt as he is distinguished. It seems to be the purpose of Mr. Roosevelt to have members of his family take up fencing with him, and if he should succeed I will do everything in my power to make them all proficient fencers."

Professor Pavese has ordered from Italy a pair of fine fencing foils. They, with a mask and gloves, are to cost \$400 in Italy. The blades are to be of polished steel, engraved and chased with gold. The guards are to be solid silver and to bear an engraved inscription telling that they are the fencing master's gift to the president. The hilts of these foils are to be covered with the finest morocco leather wrapped with gold. These foils are too handsome for use and are intended to be ornamental. Professor Pavese is to supply the president with another set of foils for practical use.

A Horoscope of Shamrock III.
An astrologer in the new English Journal of occultism, Anubis, has been casting the horoscope of Shamrock III. Shamrock III. took the water at 1:20 p. m. on St. Patrick's day, but apparently all the saints in the calendar would be unable to avert the sinister aspect of the heavens. "The moon," who governs everything aquatic, was then "in the middle of Scorpio," absolutely the worst position in the zodiac she could occupy. Already a serious accident to the yacht sustains and comforts the astrologer.

Destructive Prairie Fire.

Velva, N. D., May 11.—Dozens of houses have been destroyed, also thousands of tons of hay and some live stock, by a prairie fire on the range west of this place. The fire is not yet under control, and the village of Sawyer is threatened. A young girl is reported to have been burned fatally, but particulars cannot be learned.

SOCIETY'S DOG PARADE.

Fet Canines Outnumber Children on New York's Fashionable Avenue.

Society and society's dog are conspicuous figures on Fifth avenue these spring days. The man who first said, "The more I see of men the better I like dogs," might reconstruct and feminize his philosophy if he were to stand on a corner of the parade ground of the smart set and view the moving throng of stylish turnouts that passes up and down Fifth avenue every afternoon.

There is a daily dog parade on the avenue—not a red and fustel affair with a brass band, but a parade nevertheless in which dog fanciers would delight, for only thoroughbreds of the highest money value, accompanied by handsomely gowned women, sit on their satin cushions and take their daily airing.

"The number of dogs seen every afternoon on Fifth avenue in the carriages which all society's lanes exceeds this spring that of any previous year," said an observing policeman who has been on the avenue for years.

The view from Forty-second street looking down Fifth avenue on a bright afternoon is a moving picture of carriages. Handsome turnouts with elegantly gowned women and faultlessly attired men repeat the panorama of New York's gay life. Women accompanied by men, elderly women and young, breathe the exclusive air of Fifth avenue in each other's society, but in the victoria and broughams where the women ride without a grown up human companion the place is filled by his majesty the dog. Dogs are the common sight in carriages, children a rarity.

A New York World reporter stood at Fifth avenue and Forty-second street for an hour one afternoon recently and counted the carriages passing this point in which dogs and children rode. The cry that dogs are more welcome than children in the circle of the smart set prompted a test observation. Between 4:30 and 5:30 p. m. 1,106 carriages passed on the uptown side. On Saturday afternoons after matinee the average is 150 carriages in five minutes. Of the 1,106 carriages nineteen held children. There were seventy-one dogs.

Dogs of all kinds and sizes, accompanied by women of as many different types, but all bearing the stamp of luxury and wealth, were taking their daily outing on the avenue.

In a five minute estimate 103 carriages passed, and not one child was seen. In the same interval six dogs rode by. The dog parade may be seen any afternoon and is becoming one of the features of metropolitan life.

OLD TIME RIVER RACES.

Mark Twain Suggests Six Day Steamboat Contests For St. Louis Fair.

Mark Twain has revived the days when he was a pilot on the Mississippi river by a letter to President David B. Francis of the St. Louis world's fair, says the New York World. It is an answer to Sir Thomas Lipton's recent suggestion that a series of old fashioned Mississippi steamboat races be inaugurated as a feature of the exposition. Mark Twain as an old time pilot, from which he gets his nom de plume, is an authority on the subject. His letter is as follows:

Dear President Francis—As regards the suggestion of Sir Thomas Lipton, it seems to me that an old fashioned Mississippi steamboat race, as a feature of the fair, would be a very good specialty indeed. As to particulars, I think that the race should be a genuine reproduction of the old time race, not just an imitation of it, and that it should cover the whole course. I think the boats should begin the trip at New Orleans, and side by side (not with an interval between) and end it at North St. Louis, a mile or two above the big mound.

I think they should have ample forecasts of negro chanteuse singers, with able leaders to do the solo and conduct the chorus from the capstan. I should reinstate the torch basket and use the electric for business only. I should extinguish the government lights in every crossing throughout the course, for where boats are equally matched in the matters of speed and draft it is the quality of the piloting that decides the race.

Have you a couple of six day boats? Then you have a continuous six day world advertisement, for you would have wireless operators and press representatives on both boats, and they would report the position of the contestants hourly, day and night, and describe the wondrous or falling jockeying and stratagems of the pilots. This would be an innovation and dreadfully modern, but the value of it would be to keep the boats quite vividly in sight straight along a stretch of 1,400 miles, and for the first time the world would see a six day boat race from start to finish.

The fair would issue the great war department map of the Mississippi, and every citizen would buy a copy and check off the progress of the race hour by hour and arrange his bets with such "judiciously" as Providence had provided him withal. This map is a yard wide and thirty-six feet long. It might be well to reduce it a little.

As a fair advertisement it would be difficult to beat the boat race; as a spectacle nothing could add to it except an old time blow up as the boats finished the home stretch. But this should not be arranged. It is better left to Providence and prayer. Yours truly, MARK TWAIN.

Government Clerk Arrested.

Washington, May 11.—Frank M. Barnett, a clerk in the United States bureau of ethnology, was arrested on a charge of forgery. Barnett's offense consisted in opening private mail addressed to officials in the office and abstracting therefrom two checks for \$175, which he cashed at a local banking house. He admitted his guilt and said he used the money to pay off a debt of \$200. He was appointed from Alabama fifteen months ago, is twenty-six years old and unmarried.

Steel and Iron and Rust.

When steel is exposed to the action of sea water and the weather, it is said to corrode at the rate of an inch in eighty-two years. An inch of iron under the same conditions corrodes in 100 years. When exposed to fresh water and the weather, the periods are 170 years for steel and 630 years for iron.

SEÑOR SOTO'S DREAM.

It is a United States of Central America.

A United States of Central America, with one president, one congress, at peace within as without, such is the dream of Señor Marco Aurelio Soto, from 1876 to 1883 president of Honduras, who recently arrived in New York from Costa Rica and was interviewed by a New York Tribune reporter at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York city. Speaking of the sentiment of the five Central American states on the interoceanic canal question Señor Soto said:

"Central America is very much disappointed at the selection of the Panama rather than the Nicaragua route by the United States. Colombia as a body is hostile to America cutting its canal from Colon to Panama because it considers that America would be encroaching on its territory. There is every probability that the Colombian congress, which meets this month, will refuse to ratify the canal treaty, although if America wants the canal dug through that territory she will undoubtedly dig it, willynilly. Central America, on the other hand, is perfectly willing, even eager, that the United States should choose the Nicaragua route, which, allowing for the sweet water lake of Nicaragua, which the route embraces and whose advantages to ships are obvious, is but little longer than the isthmus route.

"The further advantages of the Nicaragua route are many and diverse. The climate is varied and inland and on elevations delicious the year round. Americans who have been in the Central American republics contrast it favorably even with the United States. The Colombian climate, however, is bad and the country of few possibilities. But Central America is rich in tropical fruits, woods, rubber, coffee, cocoa, gold, silver and other minerals. It possesses immense possibilities for further development, given American capital, interest and immigration. With American methods of sanitation and hygiene it will be as free from fever and malaria as Cuba today. Central America believes, too, that the United States by railroads could do as much for it as it has done for Mexico. It believes American immigration could bring that peace and prosperity which every right minded citizen desires. That is why we still hope America will reconsider her decision and select the Nicaragua route for the canal."

Manila Needs Coffins.

Cases of plague are very frequently appearing in Manila, and owing to the attitude of the natives, who, it seems, are adverse to cremation, Major Carter has found it necessary to make a request of the municipal board for metallic coffins, says the Manila American. Many of the cases which have appeared and died have been burned, as their relatives have been too poor to purchase the metallic coffins. As the natives object to cremation the municipal board has been called upon to furnish the coffins free of cost to plague deaths.

N. F. FRAZIER, President.

W. M. BRONSON, Sec. and Treas.

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WOMEN WORKERS IN DANGER

Prevalence of Dyspepsia A Serious Menace.



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MISS CONSTANT TOLLER: "I do not see how I can work another minute. I can hardly breathe for the pain in my chest, and my head and eyes ache so I do not know what I am doing."

PRIVATE COSSACK: "If you would eat your lunch more slowly; and instead of candies and pickles, cake and pie, would eat nourishing food you would not have this heartburn, headache, and nausea. You should also rest after your hard day's work."

MISS TOLLER: "My salary is small—I can't afford luxuries, and after my hard work I must have some play."

PRIVATE COSSACK: "You cannot take such liberties with your digestive system and escape the consequences. All your trouble is due to acute Dyspepsia. Your digestive system needs toning up. When in this state the stomach must be assisted in its work until its healthy condition is restored. Buy a package of REXALL Dyspepsia Tablets at Rickert & Wells' drug store. These tablets will overcome the disturbances of your stomach and brain and make your work seem light."

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The Temptation of Rev. C. M. Sheldon

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, author of "In His Steps" and a man who makes a specialty of believing in the inherent honesty of all mankind, tells a good story on himself, says the Kansas City Journal. The other day a young couple appeared at his home to be married. He performed the ceremony with due solemnity and congratulated the bride. Then he observed the groom searching through his pockets and looking a bit humiliated and ashamed. "I am afraid, parson," he said, "that I ain't got any money to pay you with." Then after a moment of deep thought, looking up cheerfully, he added, "But I can tell you how you can fix your gas meter so it won't register."

The Times' Daily Short Story.

THE COUNT DE TOURINNE

[Original.]

Harvey Rathbone, being very rich, took life easy. After several years spent at the University of Heidelberg he married the girl of his choice, and the next few years were spent by the couple wherever they could derive the most pleasure. One winter they took a house in Paris.

Rathbone had always had implicit confidence in his wife till jealousy settled itself upon him through a very singular cause. Returning to his home late one evening when his wife was in bed, he entered an adjoining chamber in which a light was turned low and saw a man in evening dress advancing to meet him. In a twinkling there came a revelation of infidelity on the part of his wife. He was about to spring forward to grasp the man by the throat when he discovered that he was looking at his own image in a mirror. He took off his clothes and crawled into bed, but not to sleep. Suppose his wife, whom all the men admired, should thus dishonor him! The idea, having taken root, grew and expanded until it monopolized the principal part of his brain.

The time came when something more than a reflection confronted him. One evening when he desired to go to the opera his wife asked to be excused from accompanying him on the ground of feeling indisposed. Since the piece was a favorite with him he concluded to go alone. He heard little of the music, however, for an idea got into his head that his wife's indisposition was

merely a subterfuge. However, he saw the opera through, then, joining some friends, went to supper at a cafe. About 1 o'clock he went home, let himself in with his night key, and was about to go up stairs when he saw a man standing on the stairs. He had been coming down when Rathbone entered and stopped.

Rathbone staggered under the load of horror that had suddenly come upon him.

"Stand where you are!" he said as soon as he could get his voice. "Give me time to think. My wife's name must not be brought into this affair. We must find some other pretext."

"Go to your club," said the man, "and say that you caught the Count de Tourinne cheating at cards. You challenged him and will fight him at daylight in the morning."

"The Count de Tourinne?"

"By my indiscretion my family, one of the oldest in France, must suffer the only stigma ever put upon it. But it is better thus than that your wife's reputation should suffer."

"It will not matter. I will put you where only the worms will interest you."

The count advanced, took a card from his pocket, threw it on a table and walked out of the front door. Rathbone went into the drawing room and, falling on a divan, buried his face in the cushions. Half an hour later he went to his club, where he met Spencer Hunt, a Heidelberg chum, whom he told that the Count de Tourinne had cheated him at cards and a challenge had passed.

"Go," he concluded, "to the address on the card and arrange the details of the affair."

"I am surprised beyond measure," said Hunt, "that Tourinne should have done such a thing. I am not personally acquainted with him, but his standing both socially and as a man of honor is the highest. Is not this a pretext to cover the real cause of your quarrel?"

"Hunt, as you value my friendship ask no questions. Arrange the affair to be fought out till either I or the count is killed or mortally wounded. Go at once."

Rathbone paced back and forth in the hall of the club, waiting. Men were coming and going, occasionally casting a glance at him, wondering what was the matter with him. Fortunately for Rathbone, he had been so devoted a husband that he had not frequented the club and knew only a few of the members. For an hour he paced, then, suddenly looking up, saw Hunt coming in at the door accompanied by an aristocratic gentleman. Both approached Rathbone, the accompanying man glaring at him.

"Is this the man whom you accused of cheating at cards?" asked Hunt.

"No."

"Count, this is my friend Harvey Rathbone. The Count de Tourinne, Harvey. There is some mistake."

The count, mollified, asked for an account of the affair and a description of the person who had been personating him, then returned to his home.

Rathbone was worn out with excitement and the load he bore and did not know what to do. Hunt took him by the arm and led him to the Place de la Concorde and thence up the Champs Elysees. There they walked and talked till the sun stood high in the sky. Then Hunt decided to take his friend home to face an investigation.

When the front door opened Mrs. Rathbone threw herself into her husband's arms, hysterically exclaiming: "Oh, Harvey, where have you been? The house has been entered and all my jewels taken!"

The two men darted glances at each other full of meaning. It was plain that a thief had played a pretty game and effected his escape.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Rathbone.

"What do you mean?" cried the wife.

"Why, my dear, I mean—the fact is I have news of the winning of a suit at home by which I will acquire quite enough to replace your jewels. Let us have breakfast."

The jewels were recovered by the police and the thief secured. He had formerly been a valet of the Count de Tourinne.

F. A. MITCHEL.

Speed of Salmon.

Experiments made in England have shown that a salmon can swim at a speed of forty miles an hour.

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